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Sonia HOLLIMON-STOVALL 365¹/4 days of learning Black History not limited to February

Complain, complain, complain. Even if there were an extra two or three days in February, what would we do with them? For example, everybody's favorite gripe is that Black History Month is too short as if an extra 72 hours would make all the difference in broadening their ethnic education.

"Oh boy! Now I've got time to read that book on Kwaanza I've been meaning to get." Or "Hot diggity! Seventy-two extra hours to rent Malcolm X!"

I don't think so.

I think that there should be a little song for Black History Month — like "The Twelve Days of Christmas." I even came up with a few verses — like to hear it? Here it goes.

"On the first day of Black History Month, my teacher said to me, 'There once was a dreamer named King.'

On the second day of Black History Month, my teacher said to me, 'Marshall was our first judge supreme.'

On the third day of Black History Month, my mother said to me, 'We have actors like William Cosby.'

On the fourth day of Black History Month, my father said to me, 'We've had dancers like sweet Josephine.'

On the fifth day of Black History Month, my granma said to me, 'The three colors are red, black and green. ...'''



So if Black History Month is too short for you, guess what? It's OK to learn about it in March or April — heck, you could even read about it in June or July."

I realize I should have had numbers for each day, but you get the idea — besides, YOU **try it, in tune, no less.** Just think if this caught on — "The Twenty-Eight Days of Black History Month," of course, leap year would ruin everything.

February, for all its drab miscry, does at least have the good grace to come in, do what it needs to do and get out. Granted, within that 28 days every graduate school recommendation, resume and internship application in the world is due, but hey it's done just that much sooner.

Life is short, Tom Cruise is short and so are miniskirts. Short isn't a problem. It's what gets done with short that matters. So if Black History Month is too short for you, guess what? It's OK to learn about it in March or April — heck, you could even read about it in June or July. If you just can't wait, however, I know a few places you could find out more right now.

The Afrikan Peoples' Union meets every Monday night, and if you contact John Harris (472-3755) he'd be glad to tell you where to pick up a calendar of events for this month's various seminars and celebrations — including the oncs that have food. I don't care what month it is, I know students like food.

There are web sites and movies, lectures and plays, but no matter what your preference, you've only got 28 days.

Hollimon-Stovall is a senior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Guest VIEW A matter of concern

In 1971, when I was in the seventh grade, I made a new friend at Irving Junior High School. His name was Eric Shanks and we went to the Snowflake Ball together at the YWCA.

His two wonderful parents Lela and Hughes took us to the event and came to meet my parents Tom and Lu before the ball — an act I now see as a conscious effort to keep waters smooth during racially turbulent times.

As an 11-year-old, I was not aware of the reason for their visit, nor the kindness of it. I now see that it was the differences in our races that prompted such a kind gesture. The Snowflake was my first ball, and I thought all parents had coffee together on the way to a dance.

While Eric and I have remained friends, I have actually seen more of his mother Lela one of our community's most repsected human rights advocates and valued treasures.

Eric has been committed to helping those in need, those without the same skills, opportunities and talents which he came by naturally. I have come to respect his compassion, concern and insight on issues affecting human rights and racial equality and have admired his choice to make those issues his life's work.

When Eric announced that he was beginning a hunger strike to protest the Sigma Chi Fraternity cross burning ritual, I was deeply moved to know and count as a friend someone who could act upon the courage of his convictions by challenging something that tore apart many of our hearts.

What Eric — and those of us who choose to — can see, is something more than the misguided acts of a few fraternity men in Lincoln. It is something historically imbedded in the social conscience of thousands of similar young men across this country who have experienced this ritual as a part of a national fraternal initiation process.

While we need to take responsibility for this event in our own community — let us not be so naive as to think that this ritual occurs only in Lincoln.

Having dealt with a national

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message beyond their purported narrow purpose.

Sigma Chi alumni are judges, legislators, educators and elected officials in the state and around the country. They are charged with providing the social conscience of the fraternity, the source of wisdom, experience, values and historical perspective.

It is extremely disturbing that this talented and influential group did not confirm that a ritual revealing such obviously racist and inflammatory symbolism had been totally removed from the intiation process. It is equally disappointing that only the accidental public disclosure of this rite triggered the recognition of its outrageous implications.

Eric Shanks took an important and courageous step to bring focus on the obviously still pervasive issues of racism and the symbols of hateful speech. By his hunger strike, Eric put his life on the line in order to ask student groups to denounce racism.

While the student organizations have prepared a statement which will presumably satisfy Eric Shank's request, I would hope that for the sake of our broader interests in this issue, that enough calls could be made to the national Sigma Chi office to compel them to denounce racism and to expressly forbid the use of such an inflammatory ritual from their intitiation process nationwide.



If someone were to mention the names Scott Frost, Grant Wistrom or Ahman Green, almost anyone on campus could say with some certainty that these individuals are associated with the football team.

It is easy to see their accomplishments and those of their teammates. It is also easy to associate the football program with the Athletic Department and how well supported the program is.

Now what if you hear the names Rob Renko, Bill Monce, Brian **Badillo or Travis Goodsell? How** about John Horvick, Scott LeBeau, Possibly Rick Volhard or Matt Kingery will ring a bell. Certainly a dead giveaway would be mentioning Jeremy Sonnenfeld. Every name I mentioned belongs to a member of the UNL men's bowling team. While the football team marched to a second national championship in 1995, the UNL men's bowling team brought home a national championship of its own. This accomplishment is even more notable since both the men's and women's bowling teams are considered competitive infamination sports that are supported financially by the UNL Bowling Club. What is unfortunate is that UNL could easily support three men's teams and two women's teams at each event if funding were available, any one of which could dominate the competition. In bowling circles, UNL is a force to be reckoned with. Men's and women's teams have continually ranked in the top 10 teams in the nation. Few other universities draw the caliber of bowler that competes at UNL. One of the reasons UNL



dominates the intercollegiate bowling circuit is Coach Bill Straub and recently acquired Assistant Coach Paul Klempa. Under their watchful eye, good bowlers are transformed into great how great bowlers set new world records. So it was only a matter of time before a 20-year-old sophomore from Sioux Falls, S.D., accomplished what no one prior had bowling three consecutive 300 games in a sanctioned tournament. "It couldn't happen to a nicer guy," would easily describe my feelings for Jeremy and his outstanding achievement. He is the epitome of good sportsmanship. He rarely if ever - complains about anything, even if he is not how ling as well as he would like the anota Bill Straub, "As good a player as Jeremy is, he is a better person. What makes this accomplishment better is the timing. Jeremy bowled his 900 series at a junior tournament in front of aspiring junior bowlers. What a thrill it must have been to see this from the eyes of a child. In sceking a positive role model for today's youth, few would better fill this position than Jeremy. It is my good fortune that I am also a member of the team. The UNL men's bowling team is made

several hours a week, attend classes and try to maintain our grades. We have to meet the same eligibility requirements as a member of the football team.

Unlike the football team, we have to raise funds to attend tournaments, pay for equipment and other expenses associated with competition at the collegiate level by selling raffle tickets, holding tournaments and participating in other fundraising events. I'd best not slight the UNL

women's bowling team, which is

also en route to its own national

championship this year. With the

likes of Brenda Edwards, Kim Claus, Jenifer Larson, Angela Chirpich, Jennifer Daugherty, Kim Ferris, Justine Waitkus, Lori Hillman, Jennifer Davis, Tara Russell, Cally Winters, Laura Keas and Nicole Doan, other teams stand little chance of surviving — let alone defeating the women's bowling team. (I was required by club law to mention everyone on the "A" teams. Hope I didn't miss anyone.)

The UNL women's bowling team will teasive the support of the trifle Athletic Department sometime this year. That will allow more members of the team to compete and get tournament experience. This can only make the bowling power that is UNL stronger.

Until then, I have some raffle tickets to sell. You could win a bowling ball and bag for just a dollar. You could be all the support we need to bring home back-to-back national championships.

UNL men's bowling team is made up of some very dedicated individuals. Like any other athletes, we train **MacDonald is a freshman electrical engineering major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.** orgainzation for the sorority of which I am an alumna, I know what tight reins the national organizations hold over their local fraternities and sororities.

I am certain that if the Sigma Chis in Lincoln were holding a secret ceremony that their national organization had **explicitly** forbidden, they would have lost their national charter much faster than the cross burned. It is the lack of vigilance by the national organization of Sigma Chi which further fuels my concerns as to the nationwide pervasiveness of this terrible ritual.

It is not just the local fresheyed pledges, caught up in the intensity of the initiation process with their desire to become a part of a closely knit fraternity, who deserve our reproach. It is those preceding them in this initiation rite — the alumni — who must assume the responsibility of assuring that these rituals do not contain an inflammatory social After so many lessons in multicultural behavior and diversity, a statement denouncing racism should seem as controversial as an announcement promoting oxygen when breathing, but we evidently have made little progress. Please call or write the Sigma Chi office to ask them to take a step as simple as breathing.

Please do it for Eric, for Lincoln, for each of us.

Guest columnist Patty Pansing Brooks is co-founder of the Brooks, Pansing Brooks Lawfirm and past co-chair of the Lancaster County Republican Party.